The Mourning Muſe
OF
ALEXIS.
A
PASTORAL.

Lamenting the Death of Our Late

Gracious QUEEN MARY,

Of Ever Bleſſed Memory.

By Mr. Congreve,

For which *His Majeſty* was pleaſed to order Him a *Donative* of one hundred Guinea's.

Infandum Regina Jubes renovare dolorem! Virg.

The Third Edition.

DUBLIN,

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OF
ALEXIS.
A PASTORAL.

ALEXIS and *MENALCAS.*

Men. BEhold, *Alexis*, ſee this Gloomy Shade,
Which ſeems alone for Sorrow's ſhelter made;
Where, the glad Beams of Light can never play,
But Night ſucceeding Night, excludes the Day;
Where, never Birds with Harmony repair,
And lightſom Notes, to cheer the Dusky Air,
To welcome Day, or bid the Sun farewel,
By Morning Lark, or Evening *Philomel.*
No Violet here, nor Daiſie e're was ſeen,
No ſweetly budding Flower, nor ſpringing green,
For fragrant Myrtle, and the bluſhing Roſe,
Here, baleful Yew with deadly Cypreſs grows.
Here then, extended on this wither'd Moſs,
We'll lie, and thou ſhalt ſing of *ALBION's* Loſs;
Of *ALBION's* Loſs, and of *PASTORA's* Death,
Begin thy mournful Song, and raiſe thy tuneful Breath.

Alex. Ah Woe too great! Ah Theme, which far exceeds
The lowly Lays of humble Shepherds Reeds!

O could I ſing in Verſe of equal Strain,
With the *Sicilian* Bard, or *Mantuan* Swain,
In melting Words, and moving Numbers chuſe,
Sweet as the Britiſh *Colins* mourning Muſe;
Could I, like him, in tuneful Grief excel,
And mourn like *Stella* for her *Aſtrophel*;
Then might I raiſe my voice, (ſecure of Skill,)
And with melodious Woe, the Valleys fill;

The

The list'ning *Echo* on my Song should wait,
And hollow Rocks PASTORA's Name repeat?
Each whistling wind, and murmuring Stream should tell,
How Lov'd she liv'd, and how Lamented fell,
Men. Wert thou with ev'ry Bay and Lawrel crown'd,
And high as *Pan* himself in Song renown'd,
Yet wou'd not all thy Art avail to show,
Verse worthy of her Name, or of our woe:
But Such true Passion, in thy Face appears,
In thy Pale Lips, thick Sighs, and gushing Tears,
Such tender Sorrow in thy Heart I read,
As shall supply thy Skill, if not exceed.
Then leave this common Form of dumb Distress,
Each vulgar Grief, can Sighs and Tears express;
In sweet complaining Notes, thy Passion vent,
And not in Sighs, but words explaining Sighs, lament.

Alex. Wild be my thoughts, *Menalcas*, wild my words,
Artless as Nature's Notes, in untaught Birds;
Boundless my Verse, and roving be my Strains,
Various as Flow'rs on unfrequented Plains.
And thou *Thalia*, Darling of my Breast,
By whom inspired, I sung at *Comus* Feast;
while in a Ring the Jolly Rural Throng,
Have sate and smil'd to hear my chearful Song:
Begon, with all thy Mirth and sprightly Lays,
My Pipe, no longer now thy power obeys;
Learn to lament, my Muse, to weep, and mourn,
Thy springing Lawrels, all to Cypress turn;
Wound with thy dismal Cries, the Tender Air,
And beat thy Snowy Breast, and rend thy Yellow Hair;
Far hence, in utmost Wilds thy dwelling chuse,
Begon *Thalia*, Sorrow is my Muse.
I mourn PASTORA *dead, let* ALBION *mourn,*
And Sable Clouds her Chalkie Cliffs adorn.

No more, these Woods shall with her Sight be bless'd,
Nor with her Feet, these Flowry Plains be press'd;
No more, the Winds shall with her Tresses play,
And from her Balmy Breath, steal Sweets away;
No more, these Rivers chearfully shall pass,
Pleas'd to reflect the Beauties of her Face;
While on their Banks, the wondr'ing Flocks have stood,
Greedy of Sight, and negligent of Food.

No

No more, the Nymphs ſhall with ſoft Tales delight
Her Ears, no more with Dances pleaſe her Sight;
Nor ever more ſhall Swain make Song of Mirth,
To bleſs the Joyous Day, that gave her Birth:
Loſt is that Day, which had from her its Light,
For ever loſt with her, in endleſs Night;
In endleſs Night, and Arms of Death ſhe lies,
Death, in Eternal Shades has ſhut *PASTORA's* Eyes.

Lament ye Nymphs, and mourn ye wretched Swains,
Stray all ye Flocks, and deſart be ye Plains,
Sigh all ye Winds, and weep ye Cryſtal Flouds,
Fade all ye Flowers, and wither all ye Woods.
I mourn PASTORA *dead, let* ALBION *mourn,*
And Sable Clouds her Chalkie Cliffs adorn.

Within a Diſmal Grott, which Damps ſurround,
All cold She lies upon th'unwholſom Ground;
The Marble weeps, and with a ſilent pace,
Its trickling Tears diſtil upon her Face.
Falſly ye weep, ye Rocks, and falſly mourn!
For never, will you let the Nymph return!
With a feign'd Grief the faithleſs Tomb relents,
And like the *Crocodile* it's Prey laments.

O She was heav'nly fair, in Face and Mind!
Never in Nature were ſuch Beauties join'd:
Without, all ſhining; and within, all white;
Pure to the ſenſe, and pleaſing to the ſight;
Like ſome rare Flow'r, whoſe leaves all colours yield,
And opening is with ſweeteſt Odours fill'd.
As lofty Pines o'retop the lowly Reed,
So, did her graceful Height, all Nymphs exceed,
To which excelling Height, ſhe bore a mind
Humble as Oſiers bending to the wind.
Thus Excellent She was ——
Ah wretched Fate! She was, but is no more,
Help me ye Hills, and Valleys, to deplore.
I mourn, PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,
And Sable Clouds her Chalkie Cliffs adorn.

From that bleſt Earth, on which her Body lies,
May blooming Flow'rs with fragrant Sweets ariſe:
Let *Myrrah* weeping Aromatick Gum,
And ever-living Lawrel ſhade her Tomb. Thither

Thither, let all th'iuduſtrious Bees repair,
Unlade their thighs, and leave their honey there;
Thither, let *Fairies* with their train reſort,
Neglect their revels, and their midnight ſport,
There, in unuſual wailings waſt the night,
And watch her, by the fiery glow-worms light.

There, may no diſmal Yew, nor Cypreſs grow,
Nor Holly-buſh, nor bitter Elders bow;
Let each unlucky Bird far build his neſt,
And diſtant Dens receive each howling beaſt;
Let Wolves be gone, and Ravens put to flight,
With hooting Owls, and Batts that hate the light.

But let the ſighing Doves their ſorrows bring,
And Nightingales in ſweet complainings ſing;
Let Swans from their forſaken Rivers fly,
And ſick'ning at her Tomb, make haſt to dye.
That they may help to ſing her Elegy.
Let *Echo* too, in mimick moan deplore,
And cry with me, *PASTORA* is no more!
I mourn PASTORA *dead, let* ALBION *mourn,*
And Sable Clouds her Chalkie Cliffs adorn.

And ſee, the Heav'ns to weep in dew prepare,
And heavy miſts obſcure the burd'ned air;
A ſudden damp o're all the Plain is ſpread,
Each Lilly folds its leaves, and hangs its head.
On ev'ry Tree the bloſſoms turn to tears,
And ev'ry Bow, a weeping moiſture bears.
Their wings, the Feather'd airy people droop,
And Flocks beneath their dewy Fleeces ſtoop.

The Rocks are cleft; and new deſcending Rills,
Furrow the Brows of all th'impending Hills.
The Water Gods, to Flouds their Riv'lets turn,
And each with ſtreaming Eyes, ſupplies his wanting Urn.

The *Fawns* forſake the Woods, the *Nymphs* the Grove,
And round the Plain, in ſad Diſtractions rove;
In prickly brakes, their Tender Limbs they tear,
And leave on Thorns their Locks of Golden Hair.
With their ſharp Nails, themſelves the *Satyrs* wound,
And tug their ſhaggy Beards, and bite with grief the ground

Lo,

Lo, *Pan* himſelf, beneath a blaſted Oak
Dejected lies, his Pipe in pieces broke.
See *Pales* weeping too, in wild deſpair,
And to the piercing Wind her Boſome bare.

And ſee yon fading Myrtle, where appears
The Queen of Love, all bath'd in flowing tears,
See how ſhe wrings her Hands, and beats her Breaſt!
And tears her uſeleſs *Girdle* from her waſte:
Hear the ſad Murmurs of her ſighing Doves,
For Grief they ſigh, forgetful of their Loves.

Lo *Love* himſelf, with heavy Woes oppreſt!
See, how his Sorrows ſwell his tender breaſt;
His Bow he breaks, and wide his Arrow flings,
And folds his little arms, and hangs his drooping wings,
Then, lays his limbs upon the dying Graſs,
*A*nd all with tears, bedews his Beauteous Face,
With tears, which from his folded lids ariſe,
*A*nd even *Love* himſelf has weeping Eyes.
*A*ll Nature mourns; the Flouds and Rocks deplore,
*A*nd cry with me, *PASTORA* is no more!
I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,
And Sable Clouds her Chalkie Cliffs adorn.

The Rocks can melt, and *A*ir in miſts can mourn,
*A*nd Flouds can weep, and Winds to Sighs can turn;
The Birds, in Songs their Sorrows can diſcloſe,
*A*nd Nymphs and Swains, in words can tell their woes,
But oh! behold that deep and wild deſpair,
VVhich neither VVinds can ſhow, nor Flouds, nor *A*ir.

See the Great *Shepherd*, Chief of all the *Swains*,
Lord of theſe VVoods, and wide extended Plains,
Stretch'd on the Ground, and cloſe to Earth his face,
Scalding with tears, th'already faded graſs;
To the cold Clay he joyns his throbbing breaſt,
No more, within *PASTORA*'s *A*rms to reſt!
No more! For thoſe once ſoft and circling *A*rms,
Themſelves are Clay, and cold are all her Charms.
Cold are thoſe lips, which he no more muſt kiſs,
*A*nd cold that boſom, once all downy bliſs;
On whoſe ſoft Pillows, lull'd in ſweet delights,
He us'd in Balmy Sleep to loſe the nights.

*A*h!

Ah! Where is all that love and fondneſs fled?
Ah! VVhere is all that tender ſweetneſs laid?
To duſt muſt all that Heav'n of Beauty come!
And muſt *PASTORA* moulder in the Tomb!
Ah Death! more fierce, and unrelenting far,
Than wildeſt VVolves or ſavage Tygers are;
VVith Lambs and Sheep, their Hungers are appeas'd,
But ravenous Death, the Shepherdeſs has ſeiz'd.
I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,
And Sable Clouds her Chalkie Cliffs adorn.

But ſee *Menalcas*, where a ſudden light
VVith wonder ſtops my ſong, and ſtrikes my ſight;
And where *PASTORA* lies, it ſpreads around,
Shewing all Radiant Bright, the ſacred ground.
VVhile from her Tomb, behold a Flame aſcends
Of whiteſt Fire, whoſe Flight to Heav'n extends:
On flaky wings it mounts, and quick as ſight
Cuts thro' the yielding air, with rays of light;
Till the Blue Firmament at laſt it gains,
And fixing there, a Glorious *Star* remains:
Faireſt it ſeems of all that light the Skies,
As once on Earth were ſeen PASTORA's Eyes.

FINIS.